



PLAYING FOR LOVE.

Extract from Letter.—“WE MADE A LOT OF MONEY BY OUR BAZAAR, AND EVERYBODY THOUGHT THE LIVING BRIDGE VERY PRETTY. I WAS THE ACE OF HEARTS, AND PEOPLE WILL KEEP SAYING THAT MR. LOVELACE WOULD HAVE PLAYED A MUCH BETTER GAME IF HE HADN'T 'HELD ME UP' SO LONG.”

MY DREAM.

[The Faculty of Commerce and Administration in the University of Manchester has just issued its first prospectus, giving its Degree regulations and a syllabus of Classes for 1904-5.]

I DREAMED a dream. I crossed the quad
As oft in days gone by,
And once again methought I trod
The old familiar High.
The old familiar—yet how strange
Seemed all as I detected
On every hand the striking change
That Progress had effected.

The grey old pile that once was known
As Univ. was no more,
And on its ancient site had grown
A universal store:
Here freshers sold you pounds of tea,
There smart shop-walking scholars
Were bidding Madam pause and see
The latest thing in collars.

Across the road I cast my eyes:
Behold, All Souls' had fled,
And in its place I saw arise
A corrugated shed.

Steam jets were spitting here and there,
Machinery was flying,
And these the words that met my stare:
The Oxford School of Dyeing.

On Magdalen next my glances fell;
Smoke hung about it black;
The tower had turned by some strange
Into a chimney-stack. [spell
No need to ask how it was named
Nor what the men were doing:
An overpowering smell proclaimed
The Oxford School of Brewing.

Two Christchurch men came down the
street
Discussing their exams.
Quoth one, “I’m through in frozen meat
But ploughed again in hams.”
“Hard lines!” said Number Two; “the
Dean
Just told me I have taken
An *alpha plus* in margarine
Although I’m gulfed in bacon.”

Next passed two portly fellows by,
In Masters’ gowns. “Behold,
Here is the good old school,” thought I,
“The school I loved of old.”

They spoke. I gave a joyous start
To hear those words engraven
On every loving Oxford heart,
The “Ireland” and the “Craven.”

Said one, “I think it very wrong
To give the ‘Ireland’ to
A man who is so far from strong
In cheese and lard, don’t you?
And then the ‘Craven’ goes to Jones
Who’s patented a corset,
Although the shameless fellow owns
He don’t know ‘fresh’ from ‘Dorset.’”

I started up; my blood ran chill.
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy *Alma Mater* still
Lags centuries behind!
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain’s youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge.

It has recently become the custom
for officials in Public Libraries to erase
all betting information from the evening
papers. Hence the phrase—“Official
Scratchings.”

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

III.

PEOPLE who understand the gist
Of BROWNING's views on married life
Assert that, in his special list
Of requisites for man and wife,
He notes that each should have a different bent
And be the other party's complement.

True that, in practice, Mrs. B.
(I will not say which had it worse)
Shared in a very marked degree
Her husband's fatal gift of verse;
But still his published theory of Love
Lays down the principle I cite above.

Taking this golden rule for guide,
I, of the somewhat flippant vein,
Wanted a weighty sort of bride
To ballast my so buoyant brain;
I felt that she, the woman I should wed,
Must be supremely serious in the head.

And such was GRACE. The heart divines
These natures by a second sight;
And certain rather pointed lines,
Writ in her album, proved me right:
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever"—
And this, I saw, was her precise endeavour.

And yet our loves did not succeed;
For, though her weight (I here refer
To moral worth) supplied my need,
I was a touch too light for her;
Against the rules that regulate the love-tale
Our complementary tastes refused to dovetail.

She had a trick I could not bear;
She tried (I might have known she would)
To trace, beneath my ribald air,
"Potentialities for good";
This was to be her future wifely rôle,
Namely, to extricate my lurking soul.

"The world may think you what it will,
But Love," she said, "has keener eyes,
And probes with nice, unerring skill
Beyond the formal crust, or guise;
Under your thinnish coat of comic art
Crouches a grave, austere and noble heart!"

She meant it well. She could not see—
Alas! how seldom women can!—
That Art, a sacred thing to me,
Must needs reflect the inner Man;
That Humour's motley-wear could never hide
What she attributed to my inside.

And yet, to take the converse case,
If I had been a serious bard,
Would she, I ask, have had the face
To hint that Love's profound regard
Could penetrate the solemn outer sheath
And find the genuine mountebank beneath?

Enough. She had to speak the word
That loosed my irritating bands;
And, though my gallant tongue demurred,
And though I raised protesting hands,
A lofty resignation lit my face
The moment she had dealt her *coup de GRACE*.

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER III.

The White Rabbit speaks of his Origin and Ancestry.

"My father and mother," said the White Rabbit, "were a King and a Queen."

The remark was addressed to *Rob*, the Labrador, and *Gamp*, the black-and-white cat, who were sitting quite amicably together outside the rails that barred their nearer approach to the White Rabbit's hutch. *Gamp*, I must tell you, was the house-cat, and *Rob* had been on intimate, not to say amiable, terms with her ever since the day when, as a young puppy, he had made a reckless rush at her as she nursed one of her numerous and recurring families under the kitchen table. He had rushed back very quickly with his face thoroughly well scratched, and from that moment he had respected the indomitable *Gamp*. "No properly constituted dog," he was often heard to say in later life, "ought ever to raise a paw in anger against a lady, even if she happens to be a Cat."

You will remember that, on the occasion when *Rob* had picked up the White Rabbit in his mouth and threatened to devour him, the White Rabbit had in his terror declared that he was a Prince in disguise. There is, I believe, no instance known to history of a Prince in disguise who was eaten. Since that day *Rob* had been very inquisitive, and had teased the White Rabbit a good deal about his royal ancestry, but the Rabbit had been haughtily reticent. To-day, however, he seemed to be in a milder mood, and when *Rob*, who had winked at the piebald Cat, began by saying, "About that Prince in disguise, you know. Couldn't you tell us something?" the White Rabbit had immediately answered him:

"My father and mother," he said, "were a King and a Queen."

"That doesn't carry us much further," observed the Cat meditatively. "If you were a Prince, of course your father and mother must have been a King and a Queen."

"Well, one must always begin at the beginning," pleaded the White Rabbit.

"My dear Sir—" the Cat began.

"Dear what?" interrupted the White Rabbit in an angry tone.

"Sir," said *Rob*. "She said it loud enough."

"I thought that was it," said the White Rabbit. "My hearing is pretty good, I think."

"Your ears are certainly long," remarked *Rob*, but the White Rabbit took no notice of the sarcasm, and went on:

"If she had been educated in the best society she would have known"—he purposely ignored the Cat and spoke over her head, as it were, at *Rob*—"she would have known, and so would you have known, my black friend, that the son of a King and a Queen is always addressed by those distant acquaintances to whom he graciously grants an audience as—ahem—your Royal Highness."

Having said this, he assumed an air of immense dignity and looked up at the ceiling of his hutch as if *Rob* and *Gamp* had entirely passed out of his mind.

"Humour him," whispered *Rob* to the Cat. "We're sure to have some fun."

The Cat winked slowly and almost invisibly at *Rob*, and addressed the White Rabbit again:

"If," she said, "your Royal Highness—"

"That's better, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit. "You're learning manners, I'm glad to notice."

"If your Royal Highness will deign to grant our request, and will graciously relate to us the story of the unfortunate accident by which you were changed from a Prince into a White Rabbit, your two petitioners will ever pray."

"Nobody wants you to pray," said the White Rabbit tartly.



BUSINESS FIRST!

BRITISH LION (to GRAND LLAMA). "YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND. YOU MAY GO AWAY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS, IF YOU LIKE. BUT THIS HAS GOT TO BE SIGNED FIRST!"



"ONLY TWO FEET AT THE WINDOW."

(Old Song adapted.)

Milkman (aghast, anxiously). "HULLO! WOT'S THAT?"

Old Woman. "HISH! OUR LODGER, JUST COME. OPEN-AIR CURE!"

"That's always put in the petitions, anyhow," said Rob, with an offended look.

"Ah," said the White Rabbit, "I daresay it is—now. But it was different in my time, very different. Still, you both mean well, and, that being so, I consent to tell you my sad story."

He cleared his throat, washed his face twice with his foot, and began:

"My father and mother were King and Queen of a large and beautiful country called, if I remember rightly, Sablonia. They inhabited a gorgeous palace, and were waited upon by thousands of attentive courtiers robed in the costliest garments and adorned with the most brilliant jewels. Their wedded life had been a happy one in every respect save one: after twenty-five years of harmonious union they had no children. My father's brother, the King of Plagiorosa, was, under these circumstances, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Sablonia. His accession, however, was looked forward to with the greatest horror by the people of Sablonia, for he was a villain of the deepest dye, who always wore a uniform composed of bright greens and yellows, and had driven four wives into an early, or, as I should have said,

into four early graves by a studied course of cruelty and neglect. One morning the King, my father——"

It was fated, however, that the story should not be concluded on this occasion. As the White Rabbit reached this point, a footstep was heard approaching the hutch.

"Hist!" said the White Rabbit, "it's MABEL."

Rob tried to slink away, while the cat rolled over on her back and made short purring sounds.

"Rob and Gamp," said a small voice, "how dare you frighten my darling Bunbutter? Be off at once, both of you. Shoo!"

Rob and Gamp vanished, and the White Rabbit munched a cabbage leaf industriously, with a perfectly innocent expression.

Our Dumb Pets.

NICE country home offered young lady or gentleman, with use of good poultry-runs.—Advt. in "The Lady."

We cannot help thinking that "young lady or gentleman" sounds a little snobbish. It looks as if no application from an ordinary barn-door fowl would be entertained.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 8.—
J. W. LOWTHER returns to Chair of Committees to-day with modest assumption of nothing having recently happened.

Occasion for quick change presented itself on Welsh Members refusing to withdraw to division Lobby when, a Division called, Chairman of Committees commanded "Ayes to the right; Noes to the left." Disobedience being a statutory offence coming under Rule

Table, turns round to SPEAKER seated in canopied Chair, and reports accordingly. J. W. LOWTHER, not being a bird, obviously couldn't be standing at foot of Chair and at the same moment be seated in it. That a little difficulty that would have nonplussed most men. J. W. equal to it.

Quitting Chair of Committees he stood for a moment by steps of Speaker's Chair till Sergeant-at-Arms, advancing, removed Mace from Table in sign that House had resumed full sitting. Then, seating himself for a moment in the Speaker's Chair, he rose and in capacity of DEPUTY-SPEAKER proceeded to deal with the delinquents. It was expected that in accordance with order of procedure PRINCE ARTHUR would at this stage move the resolution suspending them from the service of the House. Here was fresh dilemma, momentarily forgotten by the House, weighty in the mind of DEPUTY-SPEAKER.

Standing Order No. 18, dealing with order of Debate, remains in the fragmentary state in which it was left three sessions ago. Section 2, as it stood when PRINCE ARTHUR made the last effort to amend procedure, decreed "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion shall continue for one week, on the second occasion for a fortnight, and on the third or any subsequent occasion for a month." Details were eliminated with intention of making the Order more stringent, and at this day the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower unfinished doth remain. The section runs, "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion——" Afterwards is silence.

Consequence of suspension therefore would be exclusion from House for indefinite period. Case presented itself when JOHN DILLON, taking a different view of things from that clear to DOX JOSÉ, shortly stated his opinion "that the right hon. gentleman is a liar." With exemplary expedition, JOHN was named and suspended. Discovery followed that under the truncated Rule his exile would last as long as the Parliament. Difficulty awkwardly overcome by special resolution.

DEPUTY-SPEAKER in Chair on Friday faced by tremendous dilemma. If Members named were suspended at instance of Leader of House, PRINCE ARTHUR would be placed in ludicrous position of having to bring in special resolution to patch up his own work. J. W., keeping his head amid a whirlwind of tumult, impressively besought Welsh Members, for sake of dignity of House, not to persist in defiant conduct. Touched by this appeal, they in a body withdrew, accompanied by main body of Opposition headed by ASQUITH.



"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

The Chairman of Committees (the Rt. Hon. J. W. Lowther) reports his desire to suspend a few Members who have given trouble to the Deputy-Speaker (also, by a happy chance, the Rt. Hon. J. W. Lowther!).

Yet in the family circle, and outside, it is recognised that he has beaten the record in the long and varied story of Chairmen of Ways and Means.

On Friday, when the storm of Welsh wrath flared up under PRINCE ARTHUR's insistence on closing debate on Welsh Coercion Bill, CHAIRMAN was in a position analogous to that of *Casabianca* at sea under well-known painful circumstances.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled.

He is not exactly the word to account for the SPEAKER's absence. That due to indisposition which everyone, finding him in the Chair to-day, is glad to know was temporary. Nevertheless, J. W. LOWTHER left solitary representative of majesty and authority of the Chair.

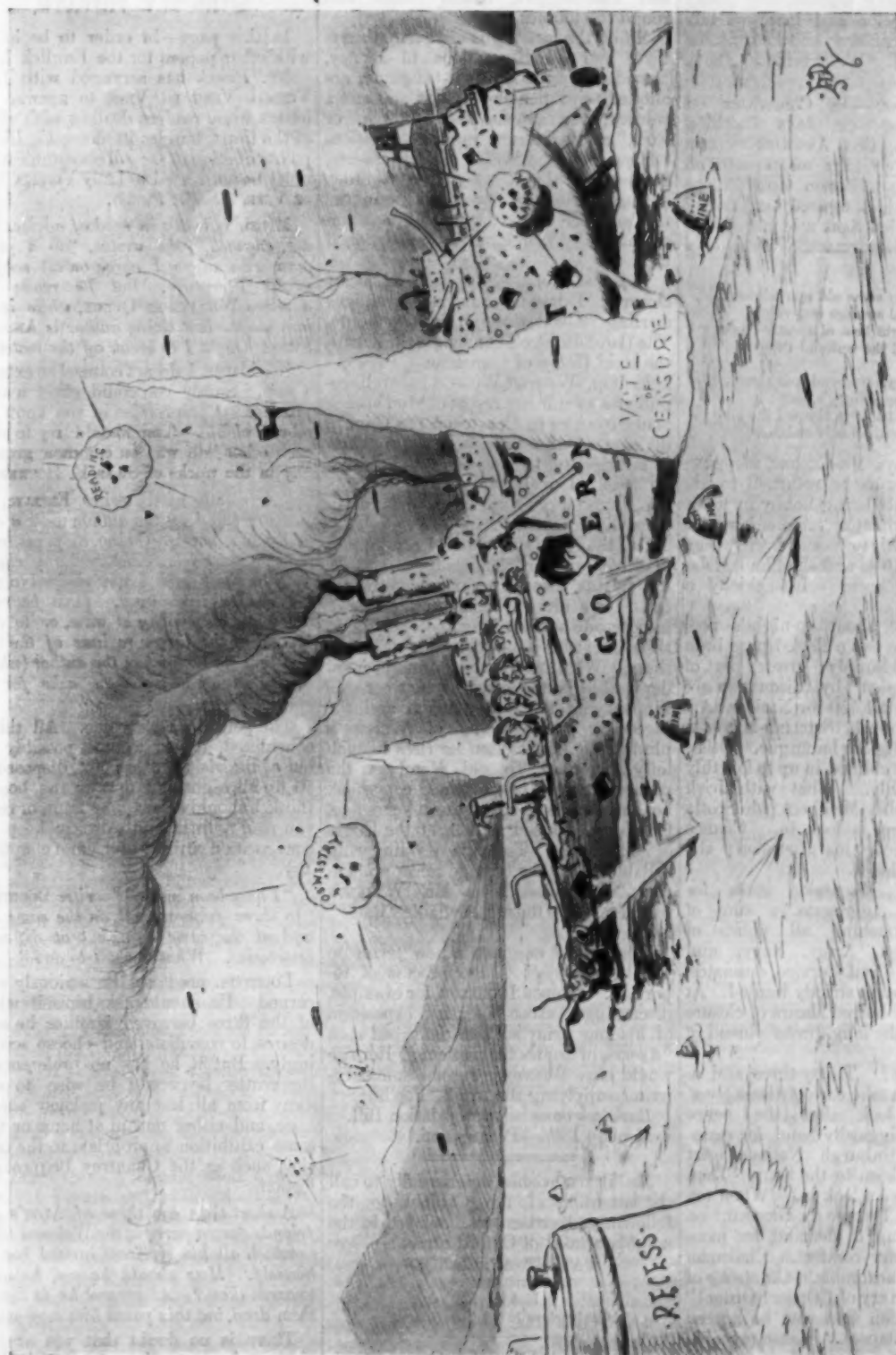
The circumstances led to most farcical incident ever played in high places in the Commons. Time was when announcement of "TOOLE in Three Pieces" charmed the Provinces and filled the theatres. Nothing compared with "LOWTHER in Two Parts."

dealing with disorderly conduct, Chairman "named" the recalcitrants.

Next thing, according to order of procedure, was to send for SPEAKER and report incident; whereupon Leader of House, in accordance with Standing Order, would move that offending Members be suspended from service of House.

But there was no SPEAKER available. The Standing Order, like *Habakkuk capable de tout*, provides for that emergency. The Clerk at the Table having announced the unavoidable absence of Mr. SPEAKER, the Chairman of Ways and Means becomes, *ipso facto*, DEPUTY-SPEAKER. In dilemma of the moment the Right Honourable J. W. LOWTHER, Chairman of Ways and Means, must report to the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER, Deputy-Speaker, disorderly conduct on part of Members named.

Here's where the physical difficulty came in. In ordinary cases Chairman of Ways and Means, reporting progress or other business, leaves his chair at the



H.M.S. "RETALIATION" COMING INTO PORT AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING.

"HAVING ASCERTAINED THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE HOSTILE FLEET, WHILE REFUSING TO GIVE ANY HINT OF MY OWN INTENTIONS, I HAVE THUMBEANTLY NEGOTIATED THE MINE-FIELD, AND RETURNED TO PORT, CLOSELY FOLLOWED IN REALLY LAUGHABLE DISORDER BY A RAFFLED ENEMY. THEIR INCREASING NUMBERS ONLY MAKE THEIR FLIGHT THE MORE PITIABLE."—Despatch of Admiral Potof Andnotewitch (commonly known as Arthur Balfour) from his Headquarters, Fung-king-jn.

Members talking matters over to-day more fully perceive and more warmly acknowledge coolness and adroitness with which J. W. avoided grave dilemma.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates. ST. JOHN BRODRICK regrets to find that ARNOLD-FORSTER'S scheme of Army reform meets with no more favourable reception than did an earlier one, in which figured six ghostly Army Corps which SARK said always reminded him of LONGFELLOW'S *Beleaguered City*:—

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

Tuesday.—Says Mr. CROOKS, mopping his manly brow as he returned to his seat after perambulating Lobby in tenth division on Estimates, "Afore I was in the 'Ouse I used to wonder why they called passing Bills and the like legislation. Now I know. It's chiefly a matter of legs."

Literally true about to-night's proceedings. Since two o'clock House been in Committee of Supply; greater part of afternoon occupied by discussion of trifling vote of £1,550 for National Art Gallery in Edinburgh. STIRLING-MAXWELL led off with prodigious harangue. Other Scotch Members chimed in up to fourthly and eke seventhly. What with Irish and, of late, Welsh Members pale Scotia doesn't often get a look in. Chance gives her the floor this afternoon; she takes it, and holds it.

There await discussion votes for millions; the aggregate a sum of £33,500,000, touching all points of Imperial interest, Army, Navy, and seven classes of Civil Service estimates. Period of discussion strictly limited. At ten o'clock the abhorred shears of closure will cut short the long-drawn thread of talk.

What of that? Thirty-three and a-half millions can take care of themselves. Scotsmen will look after the pence assigned with niggardly hand for maintenance of Edinburgh National Art Gallery. So talk on by the hour. Then the postmen have a look in. When ten o'clock strikes POSTMASTER-GENERAL on his legs replying to demand for more wages and greater comfort. Chairman of Committees inexorable. On stroke of ten, he rises with cry of "Order! Order!" and puts Question that vote be agreed to. STANLEY collapses. House proceeds to first of series of eleven divisions, and for two hours by Westminster clock Members old and young, whole-hoggers

and half-hoggers, march round and round the lobbies.

When the last lap is complete, thirty-three and a-half millions of money, provided by the British tax-payer, are allotted to particular services, and not a word uttered save the cries of "Aye," or "No," as the SPEAKER puts the question.

Thus doth the Mother of Parliaments, having dawdled through the vigorous spring, wasted its opportunities in the ripe summer, at the approach of autumn mechanically grind out its apportioned task.

Business done.—Supply carried by closure. Thirty-three and a-half millions sterling walked through in two hours. The (late) Jubilee Plunger not in it with the staid House of Commons.

Friday.—WINSOME WINSTON naturally repudiates a summary report of brief speech made by him in Debate on the Cunard division. One of the papers reported him as interjecting the remark, "Rats!"

"What I really did say," WINSTON explains, "was 'Experience has dissipated these predictions.'"

On the whole it must be admitted that compression, habitually desirable, has in this case been carried a little too far. Have always backed up RASCH in his crusade against long speeches. But there must be some limit to shortening them. What makes this attempt more deplorable is the contrast between the flippancy of the colloquialism and the exceeding respectability of WINSTON'S phrase. It is not often he rises to such lofty height. To old Members the phrase suggests one of those copy-book headings with which, eighteen years ago, Old Morality used to delight the House of Commons. To have its lingering syllables, by some strange misapprehension "crystallised," as Mr. WANKLYN would say, into the monosyllable "Rats!" is discouraging.

Moreover, it suggests a new terror to Members subject to the process of reporting. GEORGE HAMILTON, for example, discussing ARNOLD-FORSTER'S exposition of his new army scheme described it as "a series of crude observations." Here he would have WINSTON'S special summary-writer supplying the word "Foodle!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill.
Monday 15th.—Prorogation.

MR. PUNCH wishes deferentially to call the attention of the Cabinet to the following advertisement displayed in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street:—

PATENT APPLIANCES

FOR THE

L A M E.

Contractors to the Government.

It is rumoured that Miss CORELLI'S article, "The Happy Life," is to have a new title—"How to be happy though MARIE."

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

In this page—in order to be in line with other papers for the English home—Mr. Punch has arranged with Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE to answer any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE, c/o Mr. Punch.

MABEL is badly in need of advice. "I am engaged," she writes, "to a young man with whom I agree on all subjects except literature. But he reads and admires WILLIAM LE QUEUX, while in my opinion the best living author is ANNIE S. SWAN. Ought I to break off the match?"

No, MABEL, I do not counsel so extreme a step. Surely you could effect a compromise. Compromise is, you know, the oil-can of life. You should try to meet each other half way on common ground. Say in the works of SILAS K. HOCKING.

"A month ago," writes ELZEVIK, "I was presented by the author with a copy of his new novel. Owing to pressure of other matters I have not had any chance of reading it, and I am pledged to visit the author next week. Is it better to admit my culpability at once, or to read several of the larger reviews of the book and trust to luck when the author (who is a headstrong, angry man) asks for my opinion?"

The point is a nice one. All things considered, if you cannot possibly get out of the visit and are not disposed to sit up all night and devour the book, I think I should admit your fault, or could you read a little and adroitly keep the conversation entirely to the first chapters? Try.

"I have been invited," writes DOUBTFUL, "to three funerals, all on the same day and at the same time, but at different cemeteries. What ought I to do?"

DOUBTFUL need not be seriously concerned. He should ask himself which of the three bereaved families he most desires to conciliate, and choose accordingly. But if he has no preference in the matter he would be wise to stay away from all, lest any jealousy should arise, and either remain at home or visit some exhibition appropriate to the occasion, such as the Chantrey Bequest collection.

A short time ago three of ALGY'S girl friends gave a party at the Welcome Club, to which all his set were invited but not himself. How should he act, he asks, towards them? At present he is cutting them dead, but this pains him very much.

There is no doubt that you are the victim of a conspiracy. But it is a mistake to cut your friends; it only weakens your case. Your right course



Child (in berth of night steamer). "MUMMY, I'M SO SLEEPY. I WANT TO GO TO BED."

Mother. "BUT YOU ARE IN BED, DEAR."

Child. "NO, I'M NOT. I'M IN A CHEST OF DRAWERS!"

of action should be to be oblivious of any slight whatever. The next time you meet smile a cynical, far-away smile, not unmingled with disdain. You can practise this before the glass. As a last resource, you should give a party yourself and carefully exclude the terrible three. That will bring them to their senses.

ADOLESCENCE is troubled because he spilt the claret at a dinner-party in Prince's Gate the other evening, at a house to which he had not been invited before. What should he do, he asks. Should he send his hostess a new cloth, or only a box of Instantanée chocolate?

I don't think I should send a tablecloth if I were you, although it is true that the sales are not quite over yet. The chocolate would be better, but I should not refer to the little accident. A good hostess (as all are in Prince's Gate) has enough tact to understand all motives.

DISTRESS has a somewhat similar problem to solve. On going to bed the other evening, after dining at West

Kensington, he found a silver spoon which he must inadvertently have slipped into his pocket. How should he act? Should he casually lay it down somewhere when he pays his duty call next Sunday, or should he boldly return it with a facetious note?

It depends entirely upon the quality of DISTRESS's facetiousness. I cannot tell until he supplies me with samples. Meanwhile, my instinct suggests that he had better return it furtively.

Are bridesmaids necessary at a wedding, asks PHYLLIS; and, if so, which kind do you recommend?

Bridesmaids are, of course, not absolutely necessary. One may be married without them; and it is cheaper for the bridegroom. But they make an attractive show, and, if carefully chosen, can be used very helpfully to throw the bride into striking relief. It is important that the bridesmaids should not be so pretty as the bride. With this hint, I think I may leave the matter to PHYLLIS's own discretion. LADY VINOLIA.

THE NEW BANNES.

THE file of the *Times* some daily peruse
Right through — some read it in
snatches;
But all of us glance at least at the news
Of "Hatches, Matches, Despatches."

Since Midsummer Day our Premier Print
Supplies more personal patches;
The opening columns boldly display
Betrothals, *alias* "Catches."

In similar guise, are gossips to learn
About less roseate batches,
When breaches of promise come in their
turn,

Profanely headed as "Scratches?"

An Old Story Re-told.

(After N. E. Lanark.)

First Meenister (A. J. B.). We must
gie it up, Alfred.

Second Meenister (A. L.). What, gie
up gowff?

First Meenister. Nae, nae, mon. Gie
up the meenistry.



RECRIMINATION.

Irate Trainer (to Apprentice, who has just lost a race): "MADE YE WORK TOO 'ARD, DID I? NOT FEELING VERY WELL, WERE YE? BE QUITE FIT BY DONCASTER, WILL YE? YOU'LL BE ABOUT FIT TO 'AND ROUND CAKE AT A CAT-SHOW, YOU WILL!"

VOCAL POLITICS.

SIGNOR TAMAGNO, the famous tenor, who has recently entered the arena of politics, is contesting a seat at Turin on entirely new lines. "Without troubling to dispute the arguments of his opponent, Signor TAMAGNO has decided to sing an aria from his opera repertory at every meeting in which he takes part." We understand, from inquiries at the Liberal and Unionist headquarters, that it has been decided to adopt this method at the next general election in this country, and that the list of candidates and songs includes the following:

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: "Sing a Song of Fourpence-halfpenny," "Lend me your Aid," "Sing no more of Dumps so dull and heavy."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "Largo al factotum."

MR. JESSE COLLINGS: "The Toreador's Song" and the "Ranz des Vaches."

DR. MACNAMARA (in addressing audiences on the Housing and Sanitation questions): "Salve, dimora casta e pura."

TO AN AMAZON.

[At a recent glove-fight between FITZSIMMONS and JACK O'BRIEN, at Philadelphia, the greater and more enthusiastic part of the audience was composed of women.]

BEDELIA, 'neath your tiny boot
My throbbing heart I throw:
Oh, deign to smile upon my suit—
Presumptuous, I know.
My income is not large, it's true,
Of wealth I'm quite bereft:
But still—this must appeal to you—
I've such a pretty left.

I never read romantic books,
No verse can I recite;

I only know the jabs and hooks

That go to win a fight:

I cannot sing nor dance with grace,

But oh! I know the punch

That takes the victim on the place

Where he has stowed his lunch.

I've loved you ever since the night

(Which I remember still!)

When I put up that eight-round fight

With Colorado BILL.

How well I recollect, my own,

The soothing words you said,

"Leave the gazebo's wind alone,

And swat him on the head!"

I'm but a worm compared to you,

But still, I beg to state,

I've licked the world at ten stone two,

Which is my fighting weight.

And if you will but marry me,

BEDELIA, then perhaps

My second I will let you be

In all my future "scraps."



A MIXED BAG.

(October, 1903, to August, 1904.)

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD. "WHAT'S THE BAG?"

DONALD MCPUNCH. "YE'VE JUST GOT ONE BIRD, BUT" — (encouragingly) — "YE'VE HUR-R-T
SEVERAL OF THE GENTLEMEN."



THE DETECTIVE

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Single copies, 10 cents.

GENIUS AT PLAY.

Nothing is so engaging as the spectacle of the great when they deign to unbend. Impressed, therefore, with the answers furnished by prominent actors and actresses to the *Daily Mail's* request for their views on "The Ideal Holiday," Mr. Punch has cast the net a little wider, with results which he has great pleasure in now laying before his readers:—

FROM LETTERS TO LIONS.

Paradoxical as it may seem, my great ambition, though unfortunately I have never yet been able, owing to the burden of literary work, to carry it into execution, is to spend a long holiday lion-hunting in Somaliland. It is true that I have done very little big game shooting, but during my lecturing tour in America I had several days' excellent pig-sticking in the Yosemite Valley with a party of Baconians from Chicago, and I feel sure that with practice I could hit anything, possibly a Mad Mullah. Failing lions, however, I am obliged to content myself with birds. The other day I shot a wild swan of Avon measuring 14 feet from tip to tip of its extended wings. Next to shooting, I like polo, and poker, and find a round or two with the fire-irons does me a world of good.

SIDNEY LEE.

ALL THE TALENTS AT SEA.

My ideal holiday would be spent on a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean with a party comprising the most distinguished men and women of the day. If it were necessary to reduce the number to a round dozen, I should choose COUNT TOLSTOI, MR. GEORGE ROBESY, M. and MME. CURIE, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, PRINCE RANJITSINGHI, MRS. EDDY, the DALAI LAMA, Admiral Togo, the Infant Czarévitch, the German Emperor, and MR. SARGENT. With such a galaxy of representatives of religion, science, politics, war, art and pastime, life would never be dull for an instant, and many, if not all, of the burning problems of the day might be solved by the contact of so many commanding intellects. Think of the interviews, the symposia, the concerts, the private theatricals!

HAROLD BEBBIE.

BATHING FOR BARDS.

Ever since I was a tiny tot I have loved the sea, and enjoyed wallowing in its balmy depths. If I were not Poet Laureate I would be MONTAGU HOLBEIN. Otherwise the best holiday for a bard is undoubtedly to abstain from the Pierian spring for a short period, after which his thirst becomes all the more raging. After such abstinence, I find that I compose with extraordinary facility and can find rhymes for almost anything.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



A DISTINCTION.

First Gourmet. "THAT WAS MR. DORRIS I JUST NODDED TO."

Second Gourmet. "I KNOW."

First G. "HE ASKED ME TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE NEXT THURSDAY—BUT I CAN'T. EVER DINED AT DORRIS'S?"

Second G. "NO. NEVER DINED. BUT I'VE BEEN THERE TO DINNER!"

THE WEARY GLADIATOR.

To me the ideal holiday involves, as its prime essentials, emancipation from literary labours, the tyranny of pastime, and the attentions of the photographer. These conditions, so far as I can make out, are best secured in Spain, where newspapers come out at irregular intervals and the interest in cricket and football is so infinitesimal that they identify "the Great CHARLES" with CHARLEMAGNE, an obsolete mediæval potentate. If, therefore, I should ever be in a position to retire from first-class cricket and

discard the use of the fountain-pen, I contemplate a withdrawal to the land of DON QUIXOTE, where, amid the masterpieces of VELASQUEZ, I propose to spend my life in cultured indolence, unless, indeed, I am tempted to adopt the exciting and, I believe, highly remunerative career of the toreador.

C. B. FRY.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The most important element in recreation, as a great doctor has said, is surprise. Hence, a holiday, to be really health-giving and refreshing, should be

passed in 'unfamiliar surroundings and under novel conditions. If one lives as a rule in the mid-stream of culture and civilisation, the best way of taking a holiday is to find out some unfrequented backwater, to bury oneself in a lodge in the wilderness, where newspapers are unknown and the trumpeting of the wild elephant replaces the snort of the Mercédès. Acting on this sound principle, I have decided to pass a month every year in the strictest seclusion in some wholly inaccessible region, dispensing with all the adjuncts of civilisation, and living solely on berries and roots washed down by Nature's rill.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

THE HUSTLER'S PARADISE.

Obscurity, quiet, and contemplation best fulfil my ideal of the perfect holiday. A hammock on Holy Island, paddling on the sands, an occasional game of ping-pong with Professor HEWINS or Mr. LEO MAXSE—these afford the best relaxation for a modern "hustler."

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

SILENCE GIVES CONTEXT.

My notion of a perfect holiday is based on the principle that nothing is so good for a man as a complete change. I should like best of all to spend three months in a Trappist Monastery; failing that, to write a novel in collaboration with my American namesake.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE EMPIRE.

THE theory that our future Waterloo will more than ever be won and lost on the playing-fields of the Empire is daily gaining a wider acceptance, and the following forecast of the leading events of the next few years only faintly reflects the anticipations of those who are best qualified to appreciate the growth of what is known as the Sporting Peril:—

1904.

All-England team defeats South Africa at Cape Town in December. (MACLAREN 150, not out, BOSANQUET 13 wickets for 68 runs.)

Cape Parliament demands the impeachment of BOSANQUET.

Dr. RUTHERFORD HARRIS gathers three hundred conspirators at Westminster Palace Hotel, and organises a raid in hansoms on Lord's Cricket Ground.

Annihilation of the "raiders" owing to local authorities having all streets in St. John's Wood up simultaneously.

South Africa declares itself an independent Republic—KOTZE, the demon bowler, first President.

Three Army Corps sent to South Africa.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN makes sensational speech, hinting at suborna-

tion of umpires by British Government, stating that BOSANQUET'S action was doubtful, and that MACLAREN was really caught in the slips before he scored.

Publication of *The Rights of Umpires*, by HUGH TRUMBLE.

Lord ROSEBURY appeals to the nation to sink minor difficulties and rally round the M.C.C.

Owing to the exigences of the Army Cup Ties, troops recalled from South Africa and the independence of the Republic recognised.

1905.

First Australian Test Match at the Oval. TRUMPER scores 213. STRUDWICK lynched by crowd for missing him at the wicket when he had only scored a single.

Vote of censure on VICTOR TRUMPER carried in the House of Commons by 530 votes to 62—"That this House considers that the conduct of Mr. TRUMPER in remaining at the wicket when he was morally out is most reprehensible and detrimental to the best interests of the Empire and the game."

Secession of Australia. King VICTOR THE FIRST proclaimed by acclamation.

Publication of Mr. FRY'S great work, *Empire-Makers I Have Known, with a Note on Leg Break Bowling*.

1906.

Canadian Lacrosse team defeats England by 16 goals to nil.

Canada offered to the States by the English Government on condition that KING, the Philadelphian bowler, qualifies for Middlesex.

England defeats Scotland by two goals to one at Association Football.

Mr. WEIR calls a united meeting of Scotch County Councillors and Bailiffs to consider the legitimacy of BLOOMER'S winning goal.

QUINN, the Celtic centre-forward, crowned at Holyrood. Mr. WEIR, the first Premier of Scotland.

England defeats Ireland by two goals and a try to a dropped goal at Rugby football.

Forty thousand cattle mutilated, and the Lord-Lieutenant hamstrung in Grafton Street.

Irish Republic proclaimed. "TAY PAY" elected first President.

"TAY PAY" declines office owing to literary engagements in London.

British Government introduces a Bill to alter rule relating to leg before wicket.

Rising in Yorkshire. King HAWKE proclaimed. First official act to send an Ultimatum to Old Trafford.

Publication of Mr. WARNER'S sensational pamphlet, *Ash or Cash*—a vindication of the financial policy of the M.C.C.

British Empire reduced to Lord's and the Oval.

THE "PETER MAGNUS" POSTCARD.

It was certainly most happily thoughtful on the part of the Messrs. TUCK to have provided a widely-varied assortment of post-cards, the backs of which, for picturesque effect, may be said to rival "the Backs" of Cambridge. Some of these illustrations are grave, some are gay, some in colours, some simply photographs, but in all of them the space allowed for the *verba scripta*, at the side of the address, is reduced to a minimum, thus offering a chance of putting in practice that excellent precept, "the less said the better." This is one recommendation for them, and another is that the sender of these pictorial post-cards, having nothing of a particularly private character to say (over the value of one halfpenny), may congratulate himself on the opportunity thus afforded him of amusing his friends with much the same facility as earned for Mr. Peter Magnus the approbation of Mr. Pickwick, who, it may be remembered, "rather envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained," expressed his opinion that this epistolary humour on the part of Mr. Peter Magnus, in signing himself 'Afternoon' instead of 'P. M.', "was calculated to afford his friends the highest gratification." Had Messrs. TUCK been Bozicrucians they would most certainly have entitled their new pictorial post-cards "The 'Peter Magnus' Series."

The "Trust and Paid For" Recommendation.

First R.A. (to Brother Brush). What do you think of the report of the Chantrey Commission?

Brother Brush, R.A. The "Crewe" Junction, eh? Well, as the refrain of a popular comic song had it, "Not much."

First R.A. The Academy is left in statu quo.

B. B. Yes. Some benefit may result to the sculptors.

First R.A. We've got to discover the very best pictures.

B. B. We always had. There's the difficulty. *Arx est celare artem.*

[Ezeunt severally.]

FORECAST METEOROTHEATRICAL. — The spell of fine weather is nearly over. It is to be followed by *The Tempest* at His Majesty's. How long this will last is uncertain; but when it has passed, only two TREES, daughter and parent stem, will be left.

The Decline of Sport.

BEDFORDSHIRE. Partridge shooting over about 3,000 acres, affording bag of about 200 acres. Add. in "Times."

It always used to be a rule for good sportsmen to "replace the turf."



A BRILLIANT INFERENCE.

Village Worthy. "I SUPPOSE THAT BE THE ELEPHANT, S'AIN'T IT, ZED?"

Bye-gander. "YES, THAT'S THE ELEPHANT."

Village Worthy. "AH, I THOUGHT AS 'TWERE, BY THE WALK OF 'CS!"

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* are discussing the evils of early marriages, the DALAI LAMA is enduring the inconvenience of a YOUNGHUSBAND.

The Southampton football team, which has just returned home from South America, had a curious experience at Monte Video. While they were playing a local team, a few miles off a revolution was going on. Such events are relatively so normal in these parts that many spectators left the revolution to watch the match.

There are signs that Russia is already becoming civilised. According to a telegram, "The man, supposed to be a Japanese, who was arrested near Moscow for sketching a railway bridge, turns out to be a Korean. As no offence could be proved against him, he has been set at liberty." Previously this excuse had not always availed.

There is no satisfying some politicians. Mr. WILL CROOKS, not content with free food, is now asking for free railway tickets.

In the discussion on the problem of empty churches so many admirable reasons for non-attendance have been produced that a number of hitherto regular attendants are now said to be wavering.

It is not only clergymen who are complaining of the poor patronage that is bestowed on the churches nowadays. Some South London burglars who broke into a church discovered only 2½d. in the poor-box.

A Chicago oculist declares that alcoholism can be cured by properly fitted eye-glasses. It should be possible this way anyhow to overcome the double

sight which (we are informed) is such an annoying feature of the ailment.

"The most suitable present to newly-married people," said Dr. DANFORD THOMAS at an inquest, "is a cot. If more cots were used fewer infants would be suffocated." While agreeing with the learned Coroner, we think that his

known drinker who declares that the title is a misnomer. To his great disgust he had to pay on the spot, the same as at any other house.

Officers of the Regular Army would like it to be known that the Colonel who was lifted off his feet by the wind at Conway, and carried to a considerable distance, was a Volunteer officer.

An event of profound historical interest will take place on August 24. On that date Lord ANGLESEY's ping-pong suit will be offered for sale by auction.

Eastbourne's Town Council has forbidden local allotment-holders to dig in their gardens on Sunday. If they want amusement, there are the public-houses.

The KAISER has stated that a recurrence of the Herero risings will be impossible, for he proposes to take stern measures to prevent such outbreaks. This is supposed to foreshadow a distribution of imperial busts among the natives.

When everyone is crying out "Physical Degeneration," it is pleasant to read that, at Birkenhead, some burglars have carried off

from a furniture shop a safe weighing two hundredweight.

The Secretary of the British Dental Association has proposed that a dentist shall be attached to each Board School. At present the most severe punishment that may be inflicted is a birching.

It seems that the defeated candidate at the N.E. Lanark Election was not very disappointed. He had all along suspected that it was a case of TOUCH and GO.



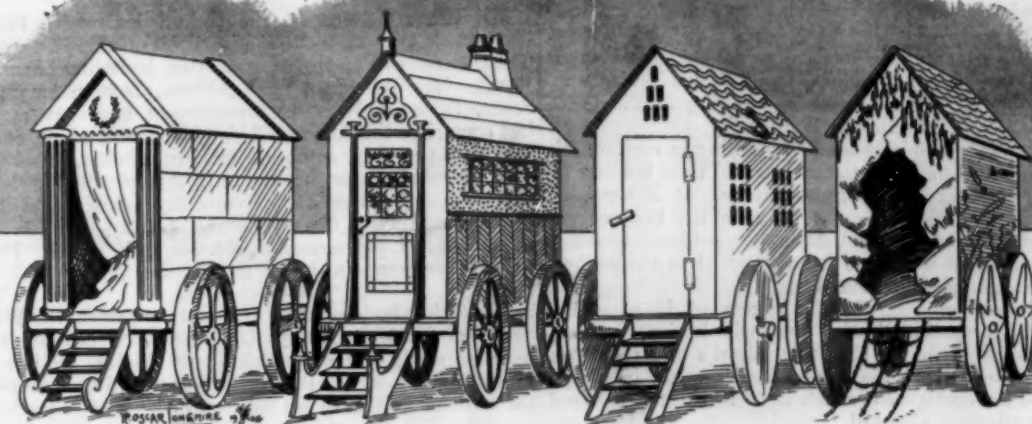
THE DUET.

Fond Mother (to Young Hopeful, who has been sent upstairs to a room by himself, as a punishment). "YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, JACKY."
Young Hopeful. "CAN'T. I'VE SINGING A DUET!"

scheme if widely supported might cause inconvenience in some of the more limited apartments where wedding gifts are exposed.

A school of porpoises was recently driven up a creek in the Blackwater, and became subject to the new Education Act as administered by the Essex County Council.

The fact that a new Trust Public House has been opened at Park Royal has called forth a protest from a well-



THE TEMPLE.

"SEA VIEW."

THE ARK.

THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.

(A few Artistic Suggestions adapted to Modern Bathing Vans.)

TARIFF TALES.

Sample 2. From "The Doom of the Dumped Revolver," by Guy Boothby.

"Ha!" said the Count, twirling his moustache, "and so this the business was that caused your absence, Sir VANDELEUR! *Donnericetter! Sapristi! Corpo di Bacco!*"

With a sardonic laugh he viewed his terror-struck companions. Before them, stretched across the road, lay the murdered form of WILLIAM SNOOKSON. Sir MILES VANDELEUR gave an involuntary groan, and the beautiful features of ANGELA DE COURCY grew pale as a Madonna lily. Only the stern face of General BRATHWAITE revealed no emotion.

"Your evidence?" he said briefly to the Count.

"Evidence? *Hein!* Evidence there is plenty! Who quarrelled with the so-much-to-be-lamented SNOOKSON but two days since? Who swore that he would take of the vengeance the most terrible? Who before breakfast a walk abroad made? *Parbleu!* Not of sagacity much needs one to show that Sir VANDELEUR is the criminal!"

"Your defence, Sir MILES?" asked the other, as abruptly as before.

Sir MILES VANDELEUR shook his head.

"I have none, General. Appearances are against me, although I never raised my hand to do this foul deed."

"I believe you, dear MILES!" cried ANGELA, throwing her arms about his neck. "Nothing shall shake my faith in you! Oh, General, do not send for the police without further inquiry!"

The General smiled, but not unkindly. "Poor child!" he said. "Every tradition of romance compels me to give your lover into custody. If you ask me why I receive the testimony of this sus-

piciously polyglot Count, rather than believe a gentleman whom certainly one would not have suspected of murder—if you ask me this, I say, I must refer you to Mr. GUY BOOTHBY. All I can tell you is that it's the invariable rule in this kind of story. Of course, if you have any evidence, beyond your personal convictions, to offer—"

"I have! I have!" exclaimed ANGELA, who, during this rather prosy speech, had been examining the body of the murdered man. "Look, General, look! Six revolver bullets have been fired at him. What does that prove?"

The General made no reply.

"Oh, how stupid you are! *It proves MILES to be innocent!* Yes, I will convince you in a minute! You know that dear MILES is a staunch Tariff-reformer? I thought so—and of course he supports British-made goods. But WILLIAM SNOOKSON was never shot with a British-made weapon. How do I know it? *Because in that case one barrel would have done the business!* No, his assassin used some inefficient, cheap, foreign-made revolver, dumped into this country—a thing MILES could never do!"

"Gad, there's something in that," admitted the General. "It seems to me—"

"Bah!" the Count interrupted, his face strangely pale, "stuff of the most tomfoolishness she talks!"

With the quickness of lightning ANGELA turned upon him.

"Now I understand!" she cried. "Now I know who slew poor SNOOKSON. General, who is famous for praising foreign goods on account of their cheapness? Who is a member of the Cobden Club? Whose real name is—HENRY—JUDKINS?"

"Crikey!" said the pseudo Count,

with a sudden abandonment of his foreign accent, "guess it's about time to quit!" and in five seconds he had untethered his horse, leapt into the saddle, and disappeared beyond the hill.

IDIOMATIC PHRASES FOR TOURISTS.

At this period of the year, when the Alpine season may be said to be in full swing, we have pleasure in offering to our readers a few examples of conversational phrases in common use at foreign hotels; not German, French or Italian phrases—for these tongues may safely be disregarded—but English as employed by travelling English people:—

(i.) We so much prefer a rest in some quiet spot. *Means:* We are too badly hit over Kaffirs for the expensive places this year.

(ii.) We have been fortunate in meeting most charming people. *Means:* You see, we are so charming ourselves.

(iii.) I find my few words of German quite a help. *Means:* My accent is remarkably pure.

(iv.) One has always heard that—. *Means:* I saw it in Baedeker.

N.B.—The substitution of "one" for "I," as in above instance, has the double force of (a) an indefinite pronoun, (b) an indication of culture.

(v.) I suppose you have been doing a lot of climbing. *Means:* I want an opening to talk about my own.

(vi.) No use making a toil of a pleasure. *Means:* My waist is not what it was.

(vii.) We were most comfortable everywhere. *Means:* We only go to the best hotels.

(viii.) You must look us up on your return to England. *Means:* Nothing.

WHERE THE MONEY IS.

[It is stated that there is depression in every profession and trade with one exception, viz., there is a boom in lawn-mowers.]

Mr. Punch's Itinerant Economist has just concluded a tour throughout the United Kingdom, and laid his evidence to-day before the Tariff Commission now sitting at The Office in Bouverie Street. He reports that:—

Where formerly people subsisted by taking in each other's washing, they now maintain themselves and their families by reciprocally mowing garden grass-patches. It is supposed that there is a subtle connection between the two occupations, laundresses having probably suggested lawn-dressing. This happy thought is said to have occurred to the washer-woman of an episcopal household.

Grass is now growing in the streets of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and other provincial business centres, and it is rumoured in the City that Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange, seeing where the money lies, have laid in a large stock of *Poa nemoralis* seed, which is to be shortly scattered

around the alleys of Cornhill and Lothbury and in front of the Royal Exchange. Stringent precautions will be taken against predatory pigeons. "Park pests," who have contemplated leaving their haunts in the West for the fresh green of the newly-formed Kaffir Pleasance, have been similarly warned off. The "City Sward" is to be the London municipal emblem of the future. A handful of the same will be presented by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar on the occasion of His MAJESTY'S next visit.

There are woeful tales of a slump in the book market. The only books at all asked for are *Lawna Doone*, *The Soucers*, *A King's Ransom*, and *A Grass Widow*.

Undeterred by his failure to tree the Giant Sloth in Patagonia, Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD is organising an expedition for the purpose of ascertaining, at the close of the cricket season, whether the Dinornis or Moa of New Zealand is really as extinct as it is reported to be. Meanwhile, he continues daisy-cutting with success for his county.

Lawn-mowing scholarships are to be competed for this month at Oxford and Cambridge, the turf in the college courts and Fellows' gardens being eminently suited for such exhibitions. Unsuccessful candidates are no longer "ploughed," but "mown." The career of NEBUCHADNEZZAR has of late received some attention from the occupants of the University pulpit, where also the popularity of the text, "All flesh is grass," may be taken to indicate the trend of academical thought during the past horticultural term.

The Prime Minister, the public will be glad to note, is among those who are responsible for the supremacy of Great Britain in this one industry. He has recently given up regular golf and taken to cropping his favourite greens with a combination rotary-putter. This wonderful little machine, which does not hail from Schenectady, U.S.A., produces a surface of billiard-table smoothness prior to propelling the ball into the hole.

In view of this accumulation of evidence, there can be no doubt now as to What To Do With Our Sons or Ourselves. We must all turn gardeners, and revert to the profession of Adam.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, is issuing what he calls the Florin Series of standard authors. The volumes will be twelve in number, including SHAKESPEARE, BUNYAN, Mrs. BROWNING, BURNS, BYRON, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, SCOTT, TENNYSON, WHITTIER, WORDSWORTH, and BOSWELL. The last comprises the immortal *Life of Johnson*, which, running into 1416 pages, by exception fills two volumes. *Shakespeare*, complete with glossary, packed in 1272 pages, and *Wordsworth*, just topping a thousand, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, are each in one volume and cost two shillings. How it is done for the money is Mr. Frowde's secret. For the public it suffices to make the most of the opportunity.

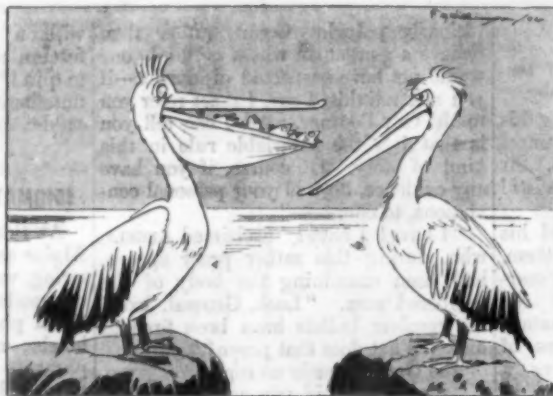
The fifth volume of that rich and rare work, the Woburn Series of Natural History (HUTCHINSON), is devoted to exhaustive study of *British Salt Water Fishes*. It is written by Mr. AFLALO, Mr. R. B. MARSTON contributing a chapter on the artificial culture of sea fish. "Fishes," says the learned

author, "may be described as full-blooded, back-boned animals that live in water." My Baronite knows some animals fulfilling these conditions who live out of water. But that is neither here nor there, as the 'busman said when he drove over the bishop's hat in Victoria Street. Since the supply of sole is being gradually exhausted by the trawler, it is pleasing to be assured that the revolving years bring discovery of fresh edible fish within British waters. It will always be hard to beat the sole—fresh, not too large, simply fried, accompanied by a dish of new potatoes. To experts this handsome volume, illustrated by coloured plates reproducing with lifelike accuracy the appearance of the fish, will be a special delight. The

pleasure will be shared in degree by unlearned persons like my Baronite, who till he read it did not know that in the depths of fatherly devotion both the pipe-fish and the sea-horse, left at home to guard the eggs whilst mother has gone to market, carry them about in a pouch or fold of the skin. What husband among bipeds would do anything analogous to that?

Personelle, by VALENTINA HAWTREY (JOHN LANE), is a jerkily-written novel which promises well at the commencement. The Baron could only manage to struggle through a confused crowd of mediæval nobodies, pushing them aside, this way and that, in order to come up with the heroine, for whom, on his introduction to her, he had conceived so strong a liking that indeed it was a case of love at first sight. Her story, as far as the Baron can make it out, seems to have been a sad one, of a conventional type, but with a somewhat unconventional ending. There are brilliant flashes of description here and there, and snatches of interesting dialogue which momentarily arrest the attention.

TABLE MANNERS.



Father Pelican (reprovingly). "HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO SPEAK DISTINCTLY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL?"

THE BARON

